Al Martin

I feel rather doubtful in writing about Al Martin, as with one exception, all accounts of the incidents were told me by friends of him.

The first came from Oliver Burge, who owned to own a small saloon in Lethbridge called the Black Diamond. Martin killed a man known as Frenchy on the Little Muddy close to the eastern boundary of Montana, during the building of the Great Northern railway.

He had been in this part of the country and knew of us had our own instances of his skill with a colt 45. After reading an account of the killing in the press, knowing they had been friends, I asked Oliver up and expressed my surprise at his killing a man, though I knew of his skill with a revolver. Oliver's reply surprised me.

"The last time I saw him before he showed up here was in Texas, where I was tending bar in a large dance and gambling house. The round up, of which Martin was a member, passed there one day and stopped over for a short time for a little amusement. After a time Al, who had been dancing quite frequently with one of the girls, went out, and during his absence, one of the card dealers, who seemed to claim a proprietary interest in the girl, began to abuse her. Martin came in while this was going on and called to the gambler who dropped the card and pulled his gun, but Martin was too quick for him and killed him.

The proprietor of the house, fearing there would be trouble between the gamblers and cowpunchers, sent for the sheriff, who rode up with three deputies and sent word in that he wanted to speak to Martin, who walked out not expecting any trouble. The sheriff immediately threw down on him and shot. Fortunately for Martin the bullet struck the watch in his vest pocket and was diverted. Martin shot the sheriff and two deputies, knocked the third deputy off his horse, got his own horse and rode away."

I got the rest of my hearsay information from Martin Tuttle, who came here from Southern Montana. He lived in Lethbridge for some time, later going to Texas where he operated a hotel for

several years and was mayor of Fernie for at least one term. He, later, moved to Spokane, where he died.

Tuttle used to be a wealthy cattle owner over on Southern Montana and, some time ago, I read an account of his life in an American publication.

Accounts of two incidents which he gave illustrate Martin's ability with a gun.

It has been the custom when large droves of cattle are passing through a range to hold them before leaving to give the local ~~ranchers~~ owners a chance to check up and cut out any of their own stock which may have got mixed in with the strange bunch.

One day Tuttle and Martin who was then working for him, rode over to inspect such a bunch. On approaching the herd Martin got off his horse and lay down while Tuttle rode on around to the opposite side where the camp was located to make arrangements with the foreman for the inspection. Every one at the camp was busy packing up or saddling their horses in readiness for starting. Some one asked him who the man with him was and, on replying, noticed a flashily dressed puncher wearing two guns climb his horse and ride slowly around the herd towards Martin.

Every one watching him, as he was known amongst his associates as one of those bad men who would be quick on the draw, feared a row and had to try him out. This was probably true in this case, as, until Martin's name, he had shown no interest in him.

As he approached Martin, who, while not expecting trouble, thought it wise to be on the safe side, had risen and was standing quietly smoking a cigarette. The rider coasted around until within about one hundred feet of him when he suddenly drew and shot which was returned, the two flashes appearing almost simultaneously. Martin's a trifle later than the other, but with better results, as the two gun man never again had a chance to display his skill against any of his own inspecting rivals.

The second incident showed evidences of even quicker thinking and better shooting.

Tuttle had a peripatetic friend who got into some slight trouble in the near by town and, fearing the sheriff would be after him, took refuge with him at the ranch. Knowing the sheriff and that the

offense was a light one, Tuttle tried to persuade him to go in and surrender, but without success.

He was a rattle brained fool who exaggerated the seriousness of the offense and took all kinds of precautions against being caught. by always sleeping in the brush away from the house after warning everyone against snooping around in the night. He only came in to meals occasionally and then, only after carefully scanning the surrounding country for any possible enemies.

In fact, as Tuttle said,- Marking a proper d-d coward of himself.

One morning the Sheriff and Martin, who were then not working for Tuttle, rode up to the ranch to see Tuttle on some matter and caught the brush rooster enjoying a belated breakfast. The sheriff finished his short conversation with Tuttle, who had been sitting on the steps outside when the two arrived, and he and Martin started back for town. When they were about seventy five yards away the crazy brush rooster rushed out with his rifle and, kneeling down, took a shot at the sheriff, missing him, but knocking his horse down. Martin almost instantaneously turned, drew, and fired two quick shots at the kneeling figure, the first knocking the heel off his right boot and the second breaking the bone of his right forearm and upper arm above the elbow and, of course, knocking him down.

When the excitement had died down the sheriff borrowed a horse to take him home and, after patching up the rooster's arm, the three left for town, the rooster basking in the glory of his broken arm, and well satisfied to find the sheriff did not need him.

Tuttle told me how the killing of Frenchy probably came about. He was a big stout man, a noisy bluffer, and no one, knowing him, could imagine how he managed to muster up enough courage to enter Martin's place and tackle him, unless under the influence of liquor.

They had been partners some time before, although so different. One day they arrived at a small town in Montana and, after giving up their belts and guns to the

To the deputy, as was the custom, Martin went into a saloon and was enjoying a drink with a friend, a quiet little unoffensive chap, when Frenchy entered, threw down a bill on the bar and in a bellowing voice, called to them to have a drink. The small man refused, saying he just had one, when Frenchy, without saying another word, drew a knife and, reaching across him, completely disembowelled him.

Martin was so enraged at the unprovoked killing of his friend, told Frenchy to get out and stay away from him and that he would kill him the next time he ran across him.

I think Frenchy must have located on the little Waddy before Martin's arrival, as I doubt his taking chances if he knew he was there.

They each had a saloon on opposite sides of the creek. The killing was not witnessed by anyone. One day the report of three shots was heard coming from Martin's place and he was seen to come out, saddle his horse and ride away, warning the people not to follow him. Tuttle believed he went to the Yukon where he stayed for some time.

On entering the saloon, which was a small place with a door at the side, a bar at the left end with a small mirror over it and a billiard Table in the centre of the room. Frenchy was found lying behind the billiard table, dead, with two empty shells in his gun, a hole in the mirror, another through the bar and a third in the floor beside the body.

They figured that Frenchy, after bolstering up his courage with copious draughts of whiskey, had entered the saloon and, taking his position behind the table as a protection against Martin, in the event his first shot did not prove fatal, had fired, his shot missing Martin and shattering the mirror. Martin then shot him through the bar, Frenchy's gun exploding as he fell, the bullet lodging in the floor beside him.

Dr Lafferty, who lately retired as Health Inspector at Lethbridge, and who had practiced medicine here years ago told me shortly after the Frenchy killing when he returned here, he had presided as coroner at the subsequent inquest.

I now come to the only exhibition of Martin's extraordinary ability I can personally vouch for.

I had ridden down to the O.S. Main ranch near the Cameron ranch at the mouth of the Little Bow to watch the branding over the week end. The riders there were Ben Nale, Joe Pervance and Sleepy Johnny. Martin was there at the time, though I cannot say he was working there as he returned to Lethbridge with me the following morning.

Nale was a big curly headed chap (he had been a sailor in his younger days) good natured though quick tempered. He later killed a one legged man named Casey in a card game near Medicine Hat, though he was not to blame, as Casey drew first.

In the evening while sitting outside Nale and Pervance got into an argument as to their respective marksmanship, which wound up in a demonstration, in which Joe won some money from Nale, much to the latters surprise.

Next morning while Martin and I were saddling up for our trip to Lethbridge the argument started again and was getting rather acrimonious until Martin, wishing to stop it, said - What are you two talking about, you never can any shooting?. He then walked to the ashpile, probably one hundred to one hundred and twenty five feet away and near the Kitchen door. He kicked out a tomato can, came back and asked for my gun. After taking a couple of test shots with it, he took it in his left hand and his own in his right. He shot under the can lying in the loose ashes with the left hand gun, kicking it up in the air, and then hit it while in the air with his own gun. This he did three times while the argumentative pair and I watched him, goggle eyed.

This stopped the argument and we finished saddling up and started.

There was a short lane leading away from the house built of barbed wire and large cottonwood posts. I was slightly in the lead and Martin, on passing me at the entrance to the lane, reached across, jerked my gun out of the holster, and rode at a run,

cracking the bark off the posts, right and left, until the two guns were empty.

He was called a gun man by many and he was, in his ability to use a gun, but, I think he certainly lacked the meaner attribute of the average gunman of starting a fight with a less skillful opponent, as these anecdotes show. So far as I have heard, he was never known to start a battle and, often attacked, the other man usually had the first shot. He was quiet and sober, liked a quiet game of cards, though not what was known as a gambler, and I have never heard that he played for large stakes.

Poor Martin. The last time I heard of him was from Suttle, at Fernie. He showed me a photograph of an old stooped man with deeply lined face, and asked me if I recognized it. Of course I did not, so he told me it was Al. Martin, who had called to see him.

He was on his way home from Mayo Bros., Rochester, who had examined him, but could do nothing for him, so had sent him home to die.

W. J. W.

Apeqnan, the Old Man.

Commonly known as Napeo.

It is many many years since Napeo sojourned in this neighborhood commonly in fact as to have originated the definition of a long period of time which passes mans memory as being "since Chief Mountain was a hole in the ground." This allusion to the condition of Chief Mountain is probably true as it was Napeo's early residence and he was currently reputed to have built it up to its present size at a later date.

The Old Mans river was, presumably named after him and was made up of the north, middle and south forks, which came together north of Pincher Creek and continued as one until it joined the Belly River at Fort Kipp and was known as the Belly from there on East. A few years ago the North fork became the Livingston the Middle running out of Crows Nest lake remained the Old Man and the south fork became the Castle Mountain river. After the junction with the Belly the combined river became the Old Mans.

About ten miles west of Macleod near the hard surfaced road leading to Pincher Creek and the Crows Nest Pass are three large stones. One, the largest and farthest from the road, from its shape is known as Cathedral rock. Several stories of how these

stones came to be where they now are have been told. You might as well now learn the true one.

Napeo had a young and beautiful daughter who was ardently courted by a young Northern chief probably from Edmonton or Mountain House, as Calgary was not then in existence.

Apparently the young chief's qualifications did not prove up to Napeo's expectations. Probably his horse stealing abilities were not sufficient to ensure ponies to equal the value placed upon the young princess.

Notwithstanding the precaution of carefully locking the tepee door every night Napeo was one morning after a prolonged session at stud hoss poker and bridge with the members of the local Y.M.C.A. to find the nest empty, the birdhad fled. Rushing down stairs and out of the tepee he naturally turned his attention towards the land of the midnight sun, thatbeing the direction from which the unwelcome suitor hailed. His suspicions were confirmed when he beheld the pair jogging along, the chief trying to force a little more speed out of the struggling cayuse by the vigorous application of his buffalo skin stipisimats (whip), while the dusky bride thumbed her nose in derision at her profane parent who was dividing his verbal explosions equally between the fleeing pair and his erstwhile friends of the Y.M.C.A. who had trimmed him in the card game the previous night.

At last, realizing the futility of his getting
as the fugitives were farther away, he seized his trusty bow and commenced showering arrows on them with no success until he exhausted his

supply and was compelled to turn to natives weapons, the handy rocks, still with no better results, and he finally beheld them disappearing with their flagging pony, in the evening light of the aurora borealis and were never seen after.

Well, my dear confiding friend, that is ~~where~~ how the big rocks came to where they now rest in Sunny Southern Alberta, at least, as told to me and I have never met anyone who saw them arrive in any other manner, so have no reason to doubt the truth of the story. Of course, on important worlds questions such as this there cannot be absolute uniformity of opinion."

For instance one might say - But there are only three rocks." Were I not a dour Scot with no imagination I might reply that the young chief, not wishing to lose time getting off the pony to pick up stones, caught some of those thrown by Napea and returned them, which, on all likelihood, would bring the reply that the bride, expecting in due time to succeed to the ancestral home, Chief Mountain, would strenuously object to the chances of damaging it.

So far has this carping critical sentiment extended that some modern would be scientists have gone so far as to declare that Napeos rocks were deposited where they now lie during the subsidence of the waters after the glacial period.

To all such carping critics I can only say in rebuttal—

"The Old Man river still flows gently by, the three rocks are still in the same place and

Chief Mountain seems to occupy the same
place and appears just the same as it did when
I first saw it over sixty three years ago.

H. T. M.

Hope you have recovered
from the flu attack.
My

Three Turkey Buzzards
M. Fisher
(Lawrenceville, Ga)

Lot

Button Chief's Gun

When the Marquis of Lorne then Governor General, visited Fort Macleod in 1881 I had the pleasure of guiding the representative of the London Illustrated News around so that he might make sketches of subjects that were of interest to him.

That was the first and only time I ever saw Button Chief's gun. It was a very old brass blunderbuss about six inches in diameter at the bell shaped muzzle with a hinged fork for support as it for wall defence. The lock, probably an old flintlock, was then gone but the rest all appeared to be in good shape considering its probable age.

I do not think Button Chief was an actual recognized chief, though he may have been. He was a scrappy individual always in trouble with the authorities. He sheltered Starchild who murdered Sergt Graburn, after whom Graburn's coulee where the killing took place in the Cypress Hills was named, in his lodge on the Blood reserve and made the boast that all the police could not take him. Much to his disgust I imagine, they fooled him, as Sergt Ray Paterson (who died a few years ago at Maple Creek) and George Gallaghan (then the bugler) slipped in one night and had Mr Starchild out and in the guard room in the barracks at Fort Macleod before any but the police had any knowledge of it.

Starchild was tried before Col Macleod,

three Stipendiary Magistrate, and a Jury with Inspector Dowling, then Quarter Master as prosecutor.

Everyone expected he would hang but one of the Jury, a prominent stockman, who has since died, fearing an uprising of the Indians, finally persuaded the Jury to bring in a verdict of not guilty, so - Strachie was released. If my memory serves me he was later sent to Stony Mountain Penitentiary for horse stealing where he died of tuberculosis. as so frequently happened to the Indian who could stand the confinement.

A couple of years later I made a kite at the old station out the Medicine Hat trail and for some time managed many of the Indians in from the nearby reserve curious to find out what kind of a big bird it was.

I promised to make Johnny Davis, then about six or seven years old, a smaller kite for himself but never seemed to have the time. He was the son of our manager, Mr D.W. Davis, who, by the way, was one of the workers on the building of Fort Whoopup, having left the American army at Fort Shaw where was Quarter master Sergt., to come to Healy and Hamilton who were the Onginal owners and who retained it till the arrival of the police.

One day after the arrival of the Benton mail I was reading an interesting description of the gatling gun, then, I think first produced. Finally in self defense I tried to explain it to Johnny, who was pestering me for his promised kite, by telling him how it fired several shots with one loading. His reply came at once. Oh yes, all the same Button Chief's gun, shoots all the time without loading.

One often wonders how such a weapon could have been brought to Alberta. The theory that it was brought first to the west coast and then across the mountains is scarcely tenable as such a gun was probably not in active use as late as when the

first white men visited the shores of the North Pacific. A possible solution, however, is given in W. J. Moberly's book. When Tun was King in the story of Koominakoo, Warrior and Iyaakin.

I shall give it in Mr Moberly's own words.

"The coast of Iyaakin that he might if he chose pass the allied lines unharmed was not so empty, as they had believed. When they came to strip him they found on his body a webbed shirt of mail."

"A shirt with a history. Lie back and dream. And presently, framed by the spent centuries upon the canvas before you, you may see a picture - a field red with the stain of slaughter and a Spanish soldier in deadly combat, his breast shielded by that iron garment from the iron shafts of the legions of Montezuma."

Yes, it is entirely possible that Iyaakins shirt of chain mail and Button Chiefs brass blunderbuss both arrived by the same trail blazed by the earliest Spaniards to arrive and conquer Mexico.

W. J. M.

Jingle Bells

When I reached Fort Macleod Jingle Bells was in the cells at the guardroom, probably for a minor offence, as he was not shackled when being escorted outside to the latrine.

He must have been a Blackfoot, as some years previous, he was the cause of a near war between the Blackfoot and Cree nations when he killed a Cree in the Blackfoot territory. These two great Indian tribes, or confederacies, have always been deadly enemies ever since any records of them have been available.

The last battle of any size that was fought between them started across the river from the present site of the City of Lethbridge between the Crees and the Bloods, a branch of the great Blackfoot Confederacy, made up of the North and South Piegans. This finished on this side of the river at a large stone at the foot of one of the coulees where the last Cree was reported to have been killed. The Crees were not all killed, but so badly mauled that they never again showed up in this part of the country.

In this fight Jerry Potts, later famous guide and interpreter for the Mounted Police, played a prominent part and, if all reports are true, saved the day. Jerry was at Fort Whoop-up when the fray started and the Crees were having very much the better of the fighting. The Bloods sent for him, and he got a band together, worked around behind the Crees into a coulee and drove them out into the open. From then on it was simply a rout. The Crees seemed to have lost heart and rushed pell mell for the river, many of them without their ponies, a good proportion of whom threw away their guns when entering the water. The Bloods followed them down

and some who had horses crossed the river and got a few more Crees on this side. It was reported there were more Crees killed in the river than on land on the other side.

I had an interesting encounter with a Blood last autumn. I was walking along the street when I saw him, with his wife, entering a store. I made a jesting remark to him - Mah-kak-amste - meaning roughly, you're josting. He replied then came back and corrected my pronounciation, which did not quite suit his critical ear. He spoke very good English and said he had been interpreter on the Blood reserve several years ago.

He said his father told him he had fought in the battle with the Crees at the age of fourteen and had killed his last Cree at the stone mentioned. I have forgotten however any the father said he had killed, but thought at the time of the conversation, if the number of scalps was correct, the fourteen year old boy must have got away with Jerrys in addition to his own.

I had also an interesting experience shewing the precaution which the Crees were held to after 1885. I went to visit the Col Macleod Ranch frequently over the coulee and after then moved to Fincher Creek. I left my horse late one evening on the Macleod side by the Indian Agency to save distance. It was pitch dark when I entered the brush up river from the agency and crossed allowing the river to bear me to the town ferry. Suddenly I heard a single shot and then a burst of rifle fire coming from farther down the river. I did not pay any attention to this as it was frequently the custom at their social tea dances after filling themselves with a decoction of strong tea and tobacco, they would get their rifles out and try to shoot the moon or stars out of the sky. I rode on to Macleod and thought no more of the matter until the following day a young Cree came in and stood quietly for some time. After about half an hour five young Indians pushed in pumping shells into their rifles, rushed up to the Cree, took his rifle from him and dragged him off to the

the Police barracks. The police held him for a few days until the excitement had died down and then sent him home with enough grub to see him through.

I, later, heard what had caused the uproar on the reserve.

It seems an old gentleman crawled out of his Tepee, presumably to commune with the moon above retiring to his well earned rest. Seeing something move, he yelled "Bee" and dove back into the lodge. Immediately every Indian who had a rifle grabbed it ran out and commenced shooting.

~~Charlie Bell is said to have been arrested more than~~ charge as it did not frighten him, was ~~very shocked when~~ taken him outside to the latrine.

Before I arrived a large kitchen had been built outside the stockade connecting with the big barrack room inside and with a door on the east side. The stockade ran south a short distance from the south east corner of the barrack room, then east to the corner of the fort. While building the kitchen two or three posts of the stockade had been knocked out and had never been replaced.

The latrine was located in the south east corner inside the stockade. Then a short stockade to the guard room, and after the guard room the main gate. Both of the gate and Blackfoot's quarters were located.

When taking food to the prisoners the cook, George Wills, or more probably one of his Indian strikers Mike, Jack or Lumber Jim, used to take advantage of the opening in the stockade until there was a distinct path worn from it diagonally to the door of the guard room just beside the main gate to the outside of the fort.

Before I went to work with the C.P.R. Baker Hoffman on 7.00 A.M. and My father used to get on ~~a~~ ~~with~~ the C.P.R. Blackfoot Laundry. One morning I was on their kitchen shortly after breakfast when, hearing a shot, ran out and saw Jungle Bells hopping it for the nearby brush with the guard about fifty yards behind firing over his head to try and stop him. He reached the brush safely and by the time they were able to get men mounted and out he had got completely away.

Steve. The custom when taking prisoners to the latrine is to have the guard step out and stand between the guardroom and the gate to prevent any chance of the prisoner making a dash through it.

One day they found on Jingle Bells blanket a pencil sketch of an Indian running along the path towards the opening in the stockade with the guard on persuit. After finding this sketch they decided to have Jingle Bells, but constructed the guard to stand so as to cut off any chance by way of the path, and opening. This precaution was followed for some time until the following one morning, believing that all suspicion had been allayed, through his blanket over the guards head and bolted through the gate in the opposite direction to which he was expected to take, an escape as described above.

He was later convicted and sent to Stony Mountain, Penitentiary, where he died from Tuberculosis, on 20th August, happening with the incidents, which mark the beginning of his confinement.

W. J. Pl.

Komoose and the Spitze Cavalry

Harry Taylor had lived an adventurous life up to the time he settled down in the hotel on the new townsite at Macleod. This was on the site now occupied by the Canadian Bank of Commerce.

It was two story, built of squared logs, with full size base and quite up to date with the times in which it was built.

Taylor's Indian name was Komoose, meaning Chief. How Though, he got it I cannot imagine, as he was the most kind hearted man anyone could imagine and, as the saying goes, would give the shirt off his back to anyone who needed it, in fact, too kind for his own good, as he finally lost the hotel though he was allowed to operate it up to the time of his death.

He was born in the Isle of Wight and came to the west coast as a missionary and, later, over the mountains to what is now Alberta. He was intelligent and well read, probably the result of the training for his clerical duties and was always well informed on current affairs so far as our then limited communications permitted.

After arriving in this neighborhood he must have degenerated rapidly, at least in the opinion of the legal and moral professions, as he was the first victim with his two partners of the persecutions of the mounted police after their arrival at Fort Macleod. They were caught a few miles North with a mixed cargo of whiskey and buffalo robes. The whiskey and robes were confiscated and stiff fines imposed. Whenever Harry wounded a Blackfoot wearing a [illegible] coat, it would remark [illegible] ammunition and) wearing one of my buffalo robes she stole from me.

He was about 5ft 6ins or 8 in height, but with a chest like a prize fighter, and must have weighed nearly 180 lbs. As long as I knew him he suffered from acute asthma.

It did not take me long to acquire an inclination towards billiards as it was the only amusement during the winter evenings and nights. I proceeded to improve upon this pleasing game until I thought myself capable of holding my own in the nightly game of pennypool at 2 cts a ball and 10 cts a head on a now obsolete American pocket Table. It is not necessary to state that I did not increase my cash assets to any great extent by my newly acquired skill.

Hornoose was a regular participant in the game and I frequently seen him adjourn at daylight to the kitchen to take up his daily work as cook and be back again at the pool game again as soon as his work was finished in the evening.

Fred Pace, who ran a similar establishment across the road, and Harry were deadly rivals principally over the respective merits of Fred's hop beer and Harry's raisin cider. Both of them could become pretty deadly when fortified with a shot of something stronger.

Harry used to come for supplies to the store with his wheelbarrow as everyone looked after his own transport. In fact, if one purchasing groceries or provisions did not bring his cotton sacks with him he was liable to go home empty or else buy some factory cotton as substitute.

One day he arrived at the store with his one cwt. power push wagon loaded with a sack of flour on the barrow while he sat at the door resting. When I arrived there he complained of being tired and asked me to wheel the load to his place for him. He seemed to be in bad shape, so I suggested he get on the load too. He was glad to do this so we started off in good shape with Harry chatting cheerfully, apparently much pleased at not having to walk. He appeared to be too cheerful so I swung

across the road towards Facio's place. By the time we arrived there Harry was sprawled out on the sack of sugar, ~~and~~ haranguing on to the barroom like grim death and too much out of breath to even remonstrate.

I knocked loudly on the door and then slipped around the corner to await developments. Soon Pace opened the door and commenced to abuse Harry, who, at first had not wind enough to make any return, but when he had sufficiently recovered he made up for the lost time, until Pace slammed the door and left him. He soon recovered and started across the road to his own place finally disappearing through the gate on the alley leading to the kitchen at the back of the restaurant. Seeing the coast was clear I returned to my duties.

We saw the Kindest Father we ever knew. Behind three children, the eldest, Harry, a daughter, Queenie and the youngest, Billy. We sent Harry to Port Hop College in Ontario to be educated and the last I remember ~~of~~ he was running a small business in Lethbridge and appeared to be doing well. Queenie was educated at Macleod was a nice quiet girl and always neatly dressed. Soon we lost certain what finally became of her, but believe she married and went with her husband to either Portland or Seattle. Poor Billy was always sickly, but when he was home somewhere you would see Harry he always had him on his knee or was carrying him in his arms.

Harry was not what might be termed a particularly natty dresser. The only clothes I ever saw him wear on the island were a pair of overalls, a heavy police knit undershirt and a pair of police brogans (heavy ironshoes) often without socks. In the winter, if he had to go out, he would commandeer an overcoat from one of his many perennial free boarders.

Owing to his size all height and large circumference it was impossible to fit him with ready made overalls, so the lady of the house would have to make the necessary

alterations and, as she was not noted for her Tailoring abilities, the results were often rather marvelous one leg above the ankle and the other dragging under the heel, with the seat owing to his having to sit so much, the first to give out and patched with anything that was handy no matter what the color might be. Irrespective of their age his clothes were always scrupulously clean.

One day he and Fred Pace were standing before their respective doors enjoying the sunshine when Pace called to him "Ma Taylor, come on and enjoy a glass of my beautiful beer. Nary turned around and displayed the seat of his overalls with a faded blue patch on it and retorted "your beer is a d-d beer did to me the last time I drank it."

Taylor was one of the leaders in the famous or infamous "Spitzie Cavalry" named after the Indian name for Highwood, as the Missouri was then known. The Pincher Creek district is still known by the same name Spitzie.

The Spitzie Cavalry was organized by the whiskey traders to put a stop to selling, fixed ammunition to the Indians who had secured 200 modern breech loading Winchester repeaters and were creating too many vacancies among their associates.

They were apparently successful with Joe Kipp at old Fort Kipp, since burnt down, but ran up against a snag when they reached Whoopup, then in charge of the redoubtable John Healey, later the efficient and celebrated Sheriff at Butte, Montana.

When they arrived and entered the trade room, a long room with a counter at the north end and a door leading into a second room, they found the redoubtable Dixon sitting in a chair in the doorway, a rifle in his lap and calmly smoking a cigar. They also paid particular attention to a large keg of powder standing on the counter before them.

When they had explained the purpose of their social call, Dixon raised the rifle, pointed it at the powder keg and quietly advised them: "If you fellers don't git out of here d-d quick I'll blow the whole shebang to Kingdom Come."

Rumor has it that they all, without any exception, took his advice and skedaddled.

Nothing more worthy of the valiant Spitzee Cavalry.

Yours for the Wolf,
Gilbert Hedgling
Secretary.

THE ARRIVAL OF LORD LANSDOWN

Early in 1885 I was sent by the I. G. Baker firm to deliver to A. C. Sparrow at High River eight hundred head of steers bought by them from the Winder Ranch, and see the brands vented.

Matters being quiet at the store at the time I was allowed to start work with the Strong ranch and stayed on the job all summer til the Indian payments in the fall. First the general roundup, then the calf branding and, finally, gathering beef.

Nothing very exciting happened during this time. The only incident during the general roundup happened early in the season.

We were camped at Leavings on Willow Creek working in company with the Oxley outfit. Before daylight a fire broke away from their cook outfit. Everything was dumped out of the two wagons, barrels filled with water, and everyone started with sacks whipping the fire in on the wings, returning to the wagons for a short rest when tired.

We were fortunate enough to get the south wing whipped in at a bend in Mosquito Creek east of the present site of Carmangay and finally got the fire under control, returning to the Leavings, tired and hungry about five the following morning. We got a welldeserved holiday as a reward.

During the calf branding I had more fun, as I could take a more active interest in the work. At most of the places I worked with Uncle John Reid roping, while Jim Pierce and I did the "wrastling". Jim was rated as the best calf wrastler in the country. At the Huckvale place, The old Whirlpool ranch opposite Kipp, we were pitted against Cæsus, roping, with Walter Huckvale and Sid Hooper. About the midal of the forenoon, seeing the gangs were working fairly evenly, they put up a small bet on which could show the highest tally at the end of the day. Starting in real earnest, not laying off for dinner, We mutually agreed to quit at five well tuckered out.

I think the deciding factor was an accident to Walter. The roper would sometimes catch the calf by the head or, throwing a wide loop, let the body go through and snub the calf by the hind legs. If he got both it was all right but, if only one, that was another story.

Cæsus had dragged up a big calf or short yearling caught by one leg. Walter, working at the rear end, managed to get the calf down and slipped the rope off, but, before Sid could get in to action, the calf struggled to its feet. Not wishing to lose a tally, Walter grabbed it around the body and away the pair went bucking and careering around the corral. Walter was in serious trouble.

As the man who outran the bear said "He could run faster, as the bear had the softer track to travel on." I believe we won out by the small majority of three.

On our way down from the Walrond Ranch I sustained a slight wetting when crossing the river above Macleod, which was bank full.

Strong carefully warned me to keep away from the upper side and to confine my valuable services to the down river side, where there was no danger of being carried down among the milling steers.

How I got there I dont know, as I would not consciously disobey Strong's venerable instructions. But "facts is facts." There I was in the center of the milling steers. You know "The devil always looks after his own". I must have been one of his particular pets, as in time I found myself in clear water and in due time reached the other side in safety.

Curious to relate the whole bunch followed me across like "Mary's little lambs". Frank threatened to fire me at Macleod, but, secure in my infallibility as a top cowpoke, I managed to talk him out of it.

A curious incident happened at Kipp where the river was high and we all plunged in following the swimming steers. One of the men named Tommy Dunn was riding a pony of his own. As soon as they struck swimming water the pony absolutely refused to try. Tommy, throwing himself clear, holding the reins by the end stayed with it till they reached the other side, then walked along the shore till the pony was dead. He pulled the carcase in, took his outfit off, kicked it out into the current and watched it drift away.

I have known horses which, when cinched too tight would refuse to swim, but never

but never one that, apparently , committed deliberate suicide.

Poor Frank Strong. The last time I saw him was at Lethbridge. He was on his way through from Macleod to California in the last stages of consumption. He died in California shortly after. A good man and always a good friend to me.

Late in the fall Lord Lansdown came to Lethbridge to officiate at the opening of the narrow gauge line from Dunmore. Judging by the appearance of some of the guests the following day, they had a copious and spirituous evening.

It was agreed to let him see an exhibition of real expert roping, so Strong agreed to supply the cattle and ropers.

The whole outfit was mounted before daylight, one party following the river down to Whoop-up while the other took the Keho ridge to the north, both throwing everything to the center till we met near Lethbridge. The joint outfit was then pushed along the road to where the roping was to be made.

I was riding a young half broken mare with long overgrown hoofs, belonging to Paddy Nassen, and was trailing the loose rope, flipping it at the cattle to keep them moving. Crossing the ruts from the road she stumbled. I was half asleep with fatigue (I guess the mare was just as tired) and pitched her with the spurs. Whoosh. Luckily, I had a firm grip on on the end of the rope, or I dont know if I should have landed in Liberia or Montana. After the dust had cleared away, I found myself miraculously in the saddle, and, reserving the spurs for future consumption, finally reached our destination.

Casus was selected to do the roping. The day before he had bought a brand new rawhide rope from Biff Heeney at Macleod, and I believe we wasted one hundred and ten per cent of our precious time during the night trying to limber it up over one of the poles of the corral.

We waited a out two hours for the Lethbridge notables to show up. The first to appear was the old coach with Polly in charge, D. L. Davis beside him, and the whole coach inside and out stuffed to repletion. The most noticable figure was Fred Kenouse, standing on the top waving a bottle of whiskey over his head.

In due time the Vice Regal party arrived. Police four horse team with outriders, all in their usual glory of "Scarlet and Gold".

After the usual introductions, Casus rode proudly forth to give a real demonstration of genuine expert roping. Unfortunately, at the first cast the Biff Heeney rope seemed to develope barbed wire tendencies (probably anticipating the the trench entanglements of 1944). Painfully straightening the mess out he made another cast but with no better results.

In the meantime, with the usual beginners luck, I had managed to snare a little two year old heifer and, circling it a couple of times, threw it. Recovering the rope, I was starting off with fond visions of getting the whole twenty five hundred to my single rope, when I see Strong approaching.

With tears in his eyes in piteous accents he implored me to let Casus have my rope. In my usual gracious manner I consented, and Casus showed the Governor General his usual display of real roping.

We adjourned to the Slough bottom for dinner and then started for the Strong Ranch.

On crossing the river at Kipp we saw a democrat approaching from the direction of Macleod and waited to see who the party was. It turned out to be Oliver Burge driving George Ham, publicity man for the C. P. R. They stopped and we all gathered round. George produced a bottle of scotch and passed it round. Everyone took a drink but me, then a box of cigars with the same result. George, looking me said in a kindly voice- "Young man, there are worse faults than drinking and smoking. If you dont quit your habits, you wont live long".

I happened to meet him at Nelson some years later, to which place he accompanied Sir Charles Tupper. After the banquet i approached him and asked if he remembered me. "What is your name? Macleod. Dont know you. Rode out with Lord Lansdown in 1905 and met a bunch of riders near Kipp? You're not that Kidaho would not drink or smoke? Yes. Then you must have followed my advice, or you would not be alive today, What a memory.

Let me see, what was I talking about? Oh yes. Lord Lansdown. Do you know? I believe I can say less in more words than any person in the world, with the possible exception of my own dear wife.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE MARQUIS OF LORNE at Fort Macleod.

I shall never forget my first view of the Marquis of Lorne. It was some time during the late 70's when he paid a visit to Toronto in the company of his charming and beautiful wife, the Princess Louise.

It was a bright sunny day and I still have a clear vision of them driving west along King Street on their way to the grounds on which the Caledonian games and dancing were to be held.

He was dressed in the kilt of Campbell tartan, while she was a vision of love liness, all in white, with a wide flapping hat and all under a pink tinted parasol.

I next had the pleasure of meeting him at old Fort Macleod, which place he visited on a tour of inspection he made of the North West Territories in 1881, coming by way of Calgary.

The party arrived on Sept. 17th and, naturally, everyone was agog with expectation of the anticipated arrival, the natives for their first view of a real Marquis, and the police in preparation for the event.

It was proposed to take the two nine pounder muzzle loading guns across the river to fire the salute from the cut bank, and eight horses properly trained for this had to be found, as I do not think the guns were ever off the island from the time the police arrived in 1874 until Supt Perry (later Commissioner) left with them for the north during the rebellion in 1885.

Judging from all the pipe claying and polishing in and around the barracks there must have been a shortage of the necessary materials for these operations for some time after.

Of course it was a general holiday for everyone excepting the poor policemen.

Early in the morning the two guns left to take up their position on the cut bank, all the policemen mirrors of neatness. There were the two drivers with each gun, riding the near wheeler and leader, the two men on each limber and two more, one on each side of the following guns.

The first party got across without any trouble and, following along the river for a short distance, disappeared in the brush. The second was not so fortunate. The team balked in the middle of the river and the unfortunate men on the limber and gun had to climb down into water up to their waists - in all their glory of pipe clay and polish - to help push the gun out. After dropping the gun the team managed to pull the limber out and, after much trouble, the gun was retrieved and coupled to the limber and everything was again ready for a fresh start. Fortunately the extra men had not taken their places, as the four horses started off, soon got out of control and, finally, disappeared out of sight.

Near the cutbank, around the point of which the Calgary road runs, is a wide slough with banks eight or ten feet high. Where the trail crosses this slough the stock had worn a path on one side almost as deep as the road. This left a narrow point running out between the two.

When those of us who had horses reached there we found the team had straddled this point and the whole outfit, horses, drivers, gun and limber were mixed together on the bottom of the slough. The four men left behind soon turned up and, with the help of the willing spectators, soon managed to get the mess untangled. Much to the surprise of everyone, only one man (Lemoine), driver of the wheel horse was found to be hurt, and he, only slightly.

Every thing was straightened out and hauled in sections, as usual, around the point of the cutbank to the flat valley of Willow Creek, where the outfit again assembled.

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All was made ready for the long sloping ascent to the prairie level. No 1 gun made it all right and disappeared over the brow. The second waited till the coast was clear and started on the run. All might have gone well, but half-way up the hill, the gun came loose and rolled crazily back, while the team and limber, too, disappeared, over the brow. Not taking any more chances the reliable team from No 1 was brought back and retrieved the gun.

Seeing the excitement was over we started out on the Calgary trail to meet the Vice Regal party.

We met the party about ten miles out, a stirring sight with the spick and span police escort onder the command of Supt "Billy" Herchmer.

Of course some of us played the usual fool, riding around the Vice Regal carriage shooting in the air, but Col Herchmer soon put a stop to this and we followed quietly to the fort.

Nothing further exciting happened excepting one comical incident, fortunately not seen by his Excellency.

The remaining members of the police were drawn up on each side of the road between the river and the barracks. When the party had passed, these fell in, two and two, and followed. The horse supply was short and every horse was commandeered even down to poor little Tingle, the water horse, who had a constitutional objection to being ridden, and always demonstrated this by kicking the rider's feet out of the stirrups. Knowing this Dan Fraser, the waterman, refused to ride him, so Bill Beatty, one of the "buckeroos", mounted him. After the parade had passed Bill, knowing Tingle's failing, was a little slow in starting, for which he was chided by the non com. "Taking the bull by the horns" Bill struck him with the spurs, at the one jerking his feet out of the stirrups and stretching them out of danger. True to has reputation Tingle kicked both HIS feet into the stirrups and promptly sat down, after which he was ignominiously led away to the stabls.

By the time I got around to the east side of the barracks the Marquis had dismounted and been officially welcomed by Capt Dickens. H was then received by Col and Mrs Macleod. I missed part of the byplay here, as my attention was fully taken up watching the Colonel, who had retired from the Police and was not in uniform. He had managed to dig up the necessary black frock coat, but did not have the silk hat required to complete the "ensemble". The best substitute he could find was a black broad-rimmed soft felt, and I never saw a more uncomfortable person, alternately smiling towards his Excellency and then turning his disgust to the offending soft felt, which he seemed to be trying to choke in revenge for its innocent existence.

The part I overlooked was in connection with Mrs Macleod, who welcomed the Marquis looking very handsome and stately in a black velvet coat trimmed with silver fox. It was only lately that I learned the truth. In the words of the official historian -

"Mrs Macleod had discovered that her black plush coat trimmed with silver fox, the only garment in her possession befitting the entertainment to be done, was out at the elbows. But with true western resourcefulness, the good lady blackened her elbows and maintained a courageous front".

She certainly displayed more "intestinal fortitude" than her handsome soldier husband, as her charming smile never varied under the uncomfortable circumstances.

The 18th was spent in resting. The only matter I recollect was a visit to the store by the official chaplain to the Marquis, who was taking in the sights. I cannot recall his name, but am sure he was a Scot.

The only flags in the place were in possession of the police. I had an idea of making one for the store, so proceeded to do so with some red and blue paint and a length of sheeting. Satisfied with this I made a stars

and stripes" as representing the American ownership of the firm, I. G. Baker and Co.

These I nailed up on the store front, with the likeness (?) of a Highlander in his kilt between.

My good Scottish claplain friend was careful to inform me that I should bever fly the stars and stripes or any other foreign flag without the union jack above it. However, as he did not insist on my taking it down we parted friends.

The next day, the 19th, was spent in a reception to the Indians, principally Bloods and Peigans, and I have never seen a larger gathering, nor so good a collection of costumes and ornaments.

I accompanied a Mr Hall, an artist from the "Graphic" in assisting him to secure sketches.

There was, first the shaking hands with the chiefs, then smoking the "Peace Pipe" followed by the usual oratory. Then followed a sham fight the best I have ever seen. It was-to me- a wonderful exhibition. The youhg bucks, stripped to their breechcloths and feathers, falling off their horses and being rescued by their companions. It seemed to me it was a marvel that, in the clouds of dust no one was killed, but believe there was not one even injured.

Mr Hall and I then started on our search for suitable material. It was a marvel to see a master craftsman at work. A series of straight lines in a corner of the page mixed with curves, then, quick as a flash, to another place where the same proceedure was repeated, until the whole sheet was filled.

I could not understand how he could sift out this mass of page after page of hieroglyphics, looking to me like drunken hen scratchings, but he must have succeeded, as I understand he, later, made a wonderful painting of the whole scene.

I wonder if he, too, made the painting, a photograph of which now hangs in my home. It shews the meeting of Crowfoot, the celebrated Blackfoot chief, with Col Macleod at Fort Macleod on (I think) Dec 1st, 1874.

Among the many outstanding objects we saw "Button Chief's Gun" about which Johnny Davis made the remark when I tried to explain to him the working of the gatling gun- "Oh yes- allthe same Button Chief's gun, shoots all the time without loading".

It was an old brass bell-mouthed blunderbus, about five feet long and with a forked support under the fore end, suggesting it had been used in wall defense. The lock-probably match lock- had disappeared, but the rest was in fairly good condition.

We also had an exhibition of archery. A willow stick with a quarter dollar in a slot at the top was set up at about two hundred feet distance and the Indians were asked to shoot at it with the quarter as a prize. to anyone who could shake it loose. Many of the men tried to, but withoue success, so the target was brought back about half way and the boys given a chance. Some of these were more successful, using a headless arrow. When shooting they gave the bow a sideways flip and the arrow, while taking a direct course as a whole, for a short distance the point and feathered end were at an angle to the line of flight, thus striking the willow and shaking the quarter out.

I must say my confidence in the veracity of my lifelong hero, Sir Walter Scott, was much shaken by this exhibition. You will recollect how "Locksley", after winning the baldrick at Ashby, set up a willow wand, about the thickness of a man's thumb, and split it the first shot at <u>one hundred yards</u>.

Mr Hall told me how he and the Chaplain had an experience which might have resulted fatally. While sketching near the Blackfoot Crossing they were caught in a violent hail storm and, had it not been that he had a large

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sketching board, under which they took shelter, they might h ave been killed.

On Sept 20th the Vice-Regal party left for Pincher Creek where they were entertained by Col and Mrs Macleod at their home, "Kyle Akin ". Then on the 22nd the return journey started. They followed a wide valley leading to the Kootenay River leaving a well defined trail, known afterwards as the "Governor General's Trail".

From there they proceeded to Fort Shaw, Montana, and finally reached Ogden, Utah, where a narrow guage line took them to Salt Lake City, and, at last, by rail, to Winnipeg.

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THE BULLS

By Norman Y. Macleod

Omit

No, They are not what you are thinking of, the sporty young boy who, about this time of the year, saunters forth in well brushed bib and tucker, gathers up his voluminous harem of chaste young virgins and leads them through the winding vales and dells to the tune of "Pan's Pipe".

No, they are the more plebian bunch which, if seen straining under their yokes on Toronto's aristocratic King Street, would be called, Oxen, just oxen. When one considers this, the adaptibility of the name appears. "Patient as an ox" "Works like an ox".

No, they are the emasticulated young gentlemen who, in their younger years, assisted the I. G. Baker firm by hauling heavily laden freight wagons all over Montana, southern Alberta and Saskatchewan, until, about their fifteenth year; when they were retired to their well earned rest by being butchered and turned in th the indian department as strictly coice tenderloin.

Begin here → My first introduction to the bulls ~~trains~~, as they are termed all over the West, was at Fort Benton, Montana, some time in June, 1880. We had arrived there from Bismark, North Dakota, on the Rosebud, one of the smaller stern-wheelers, then common to the Missouri and Mississippi. We spent a day there to give Col. Irvine a chance to redeem some of his rookie charges from the stern clutches of Johnny Healy and get them straightened up for the trek to Fort Walsh. Myself and some of the rookies, who were fortunate enough to have escaped Johnny's clutches, spent our time in viewing the sights of the western city, following X. Biedler, head of the "Viglantes", and Liver Eating Johnston, who was currently reputed to live on nothing but human liver, and vieing with one another as to who should have the honor of paying for their drinks.

They were loading freight ~~from~~ the Rosebud and, when loaded, the wagons were pulled away up the street leading straight through Benton to the open ground. To my uninitiated eyes they seemed to stretch away over a mile in the distance.

After my arrival at Macleod I became more intimate with the bulls, wagon bosses and ordinary (most of them "ornery") bull whackers.

My first introduction was during the winter of 1880. ~~Four~~ of these latter spent the winter in the Indian room behind the kitchen and my pleasant job was to shave the four every Sunday. They were Jeff Davis and Ed Trainor, both wagon bosses, and Clemau and another, whose name I do not remember, ordinary Bull whackers.

Clemau ~~He~~ was not so successful in his love affairs. He had a violent crush on Philomene, Capt. Nelse's daughter, much younger than he. I remember seeing them at Nelse's place on the Teton in 1883. Clemau had arrived there, after the bulls were turned out in the fall, with presents for the blushing fiancee. She was wearing one of ~~the~~ her gifts, a besutiful print dress.

Unfortunately for ~~the~~ her ancient admirer, the fickle damsel eventually married Osie St Goddard, a youth about her own age.

I. G. Baker & Co. were reputed to have the largest and best ~~equiped~~ equipped outfit of bulls, ~~both~~ in Montana and Alberta.

My impression is they had five full trains in Alberta, but, unfortunately, I cannot remember that many bosses. I am sure of the following — Jeff Davis, Ed Trainor, Pink Wilson, Milt Emsley and Dave Jenks, but am practically certain Jenks did not come till after Wilson left. The last I knew of Wilson was when the coal barges were being built at Macleod for the Galt Company. He was hauling barge timbers from the mill in the Porcupine Hills and had a bad attack of rheumatism. The only place that could be found for him was in Mr Parker's room at the back of the office. He was the book keeper then and had the unfortunate habit of "crooking his elbow" on the slightest provocation, on which occasions he he would produce a 22 caliber revolver and hunting knife with an eight inch blade and, literally, "go to war."

He must have been riled at the invasion of his private domain, as, one day, poor Pink was heard yelling his head off. Investigation shewed the genial Parker holding the helpless man down, while gently pricking his throat with the eight inch blade and telling him, with various imprecations, in how many and horrible different ways he was going to kill him. As he had already drawn blood several times, no wonder Pink was scared. As soon as he could be moved he was sent to Benton for better attention, as there was then no doctor at Macleod, and he never returned.

I recollect one case in which Mr Parker did not come out so well.

A short time after the Cochrane Ranch moved south practically all their cattle were snowed in near the Kootenay Lakes. As they could not get them out, they engaged Frank Strong to bring in a bunch of horses and break a trail through.

Among his riders was one, George Baker, who rode over a cut bank and broke his right arm. He was quite a jovial cuss and took a delight in devilling Mr Parker who, in revenge, refused to cash his pay-check, which only made the feud more deadly..

One evening while I was sweeping out the genial George came in with a pocket full of peanuts and, seating himself on the counter opposite the office commenced to crack them, making as much noise as possible. Poor Parker stood as long as he could, then blew out the light and retiring to his room. Shortly after, appearing, grinning, out of the darkness. I had immunized the "22," but he still had the knife, pinned to the inside of his coat.

He walked straight up to Baker and suddenly, drawing the knife, he held within six inches of his nose, allthe time abusing him, as he had Wilson. Baker was not so helpless as was poor Pink. He kept perfectly still, but I could see his left hand moving stealthly behind his back. It suddenly appeared with a Colts in it, which he jammed in Parker's face. The poor old man dropped the knife, fell over backwards and, scrambling to his feet, disappeared in the darkness.

I nearly got into serious trouble over this. Mr Parker, being temporarily short of cash, sold the "22" to an Indian for five dollars, who, finding it would not work, brought it back to him. Of course he brought it to me, and I had to open it up and shew him that the mainspring was missing. That made matters worse and, to quiet him, I had to promise to make a new spring, which I did by replacing the original one, so an armistice was signed.

Baker had an uncontrollable temper. The last time I saw him was in 1885 at the Strong ranch, where we were working together.

We were all starting out early one morning and he had a horse which was hard to mount. He was holding the reins in his left hand, holding the cheek strap of the bridle in in the same hand, while the right held the horse's ear. The horse dragged him around for a while when, losing his temper, and grabbing the ear in his teeth, he began to chew it. Strong appeared round the corner of the stable and, seeing what was going on, promptly fired him.

The reason I mentioned that Jenks came later is that the first time I saw him was in 1886, after I came to Lethbridge. They had brought some oats for the Lethbridge store from Macleod. At the end of the same season they hauled in the hay from Milk River Ridge on the police contract.

A car of groceries had arrived shortly before this to be diviedd with the Macleod store and I was over at the freight shed checking out their share when Tom Curry, our manager appeared. Apparently he and Dave were not on the best of terms. Dave was carrying a bundle of washboards in his arms while Tom stood in the door. He apparently made some remark about the loading, so Dave, politely, threw the washboards at him, fortunately the bundle missed him, but broke one of the bars of the rack.

As Mark Twain once remarked- "Tom went away from there".

The last heard of Jenks was shortly after. He and Bob Boatman, who used to drive the mail to Conrad, on the Marias river, were wintering on the Strong ranch. In a presumably drunken orgy a squaw was accidentally killed and the body thrown into a small washout coulee and covered with loose dirt. In the spring the water washed it out. Both Jenks and Boatman, probably feeling guilty, disappeared and, so far as I know, were never heard of again.

Ed Trainor was one of the most lovable of men and I understand, one of the best of the wagon bosses. He had only one failing. He could not resist whiskey and, after one drink it was, as the Hudsons Bay Company motto says, (~~Probably you dont know it~~ "Pro Pelle Cutem" , commonly interpreted "Let the tail go with the Hide". (John Black's version was "Pro belly catchem.")

Two incidents illustrating this remain in my mind. The first happened at Macleod.

The teams had loaded for Calgary when he tanked up. After waiting for a couple of days Mr Davis ordered them out. After crossing the river , which was swimming, safely, they sent Trainor across in a boat, believing that, for once they had him safely corralled. Lo and behold, about seven or eight o'clock the mythical Mr Trainor appeared. He had sneaked away, saddled his pony and swum the river. By the time we had located him he had replenished his stock of combustibles and was, again, off to the races and, as usual, I was appointed to ride herd on him. I was then sleeping on a mezzanine floor in the warehouse, on which we stored our blankets, while below, on the ground floor, was the stock of stoves.

After seeing him (as I thought)safe for the night, I crawled quietly out. There

was a dance on that night which, for reasons known only to myself, I was particularly anxious to attend. In the midst of the giddy whirl a mounty appeared and said there was a crasy man in the warehouse. I rushed over and unlocked the door. There was poor Trainor. He had wakened up and walked off the platform and was rolling around among the stoves, yelling at the top of his voice.

I missed the rest of the dance. I guess some other lucky fellow took my girl home. The second came off at Lethbridge a few years later. After seeing the wagons loaded he got full. After a couple of days a wire came instructing us to start the teams out, which was done, and I started out to locate him. I found him at last, semi-delirious, and brought him to the store and managed to hold him during the day by anninistering every hour small doses of "the dog that bit him". Anticipating a long and weary night I managed to secure a small bottle of drops, which I thought might help to put him to sleep. Nothing doing! The minute I tried to slip the drops into the whiskey he caught my wrist and, upbraiding me about the Macleod incident, would not be quiet until I had destroyed the bottle of drops.

The last time I saw him was a few years later. He was wintering the bulls on the reserve and, in the spring, I took out a notice to him to bring them in to Macleod.

Of the other wagon bosses — Jeff Davis, never in the best of health, but steady and reliable. Always on the job.

About Milt Emsley there is quite a story. He was freighting from Calgary, loading coal back from the Sheran mine.

There was a crasy loon named George Macleod (no relation of mine, thank providence), who, because he was carrying the Queen's mail, thought he had the right to make all other teams turn out and give him right of way. Naturally, Milt objected. The quarrel became so acute that some of his own men piled up the semblance of a grave with a board at the head bearing an inscription, which ran something like this-

"Here lies the body of Milton Emsley, who, after years of faithful service, vainly sacrificed his valuable life in the attempted defence of the property of his grateful employers, I. G. Baker & Co."

I believe this settled the feud, as I never heard anything of it after.

Milt later left I. G. Baker & Co to take charge of a bunchof mules brought in by the Galt Co. which were later stolen by Frenchy McDonald, for which he was lynched in Montana.

In addition to these I believe Sol Yates also bossed a train, but only for a short time.

Speaking of Clemau. One thing brings up another, as the young lady said when she swallowed the emetic.

He must have been a good driver, as he always handled the lead team, the place of honor in the train.

Shortly before leaving Macleod I took a four horse load of bacon to the Blood reserve, starting shortly after daylight so as to get back in good time. After unloading and feeding the team I started to hitch up when W. B. Pocklington, the agent, came up and asked me what my hurry was. After I told him he said there was an old friend of mine on the reserve who would like to meet me and who would be there at dinner time. As I never was one to hurry when there was anything more pleasant going on, I waited for dinner.

At the sound of the gong I proceeded to the dining room. Seeing only two places laid I asked Pock where the old friend was. He'll be here presently, he replied. Shortly after we sat down the cook appeared with a big roast, the first four or five ribs of the fore quarter, known as the "hotel roast." I finished my first helping and handed my plate up for another. The lull brought the old friend back to my mind, so I asked Pock where he was. You've just eaten him, he replied. This was Clemau's wheeler, over fifteen years old.

If you ever want a really good piece of beef, take my advice. Dont look for any calf or veal, only baby's food. Get a mature animal, The thinner the better, Fatten it up quickly, nice white fat, nothing yellow, then see that it is cooked properly with a trace of blood still running, and you will have something that will stick to your ribs like your artful divorced wife does to your pocket book.

All the Baker lead wagons were big six-inch skein Murphys, with hind wheels between six and seven feet high. It was a sight worth beholding to see a well organized train travelling over the prairie, stretched out for probably a mile. Six teams to the train, twelve yoke to the team, with the three wagons swinging and creaking along behind.

and the sixteen foot bull whips popping like pistol shots, more for the sound effect than for any damage they may do.

The crew consists of the wagon boss, six bull whackers, the night herder and last, but not least, the cook. He is the supreme chief and has a private coach all to himself coupled behind the three lead wagons.

The bull whip can be a terrible weapon in the hands of an expert. I recollect an incident in which George Levasseur figured. He had a five or six yoke team at Macleod and was hauling fire wood from the Lime Kiln bottom. Probably wishing to make a delivery to some house off the hard road he took a short cut near the old cemetery.

In a soft spot at a low place in the road the four wheels of the lead wagon sank in up to the hubs. George tried to get it out, but without success, so dropped the "trail." Still nothing doing! Finally losing his temper, he started in on a bull about half way in the string. Every crack of the whip would bring fur and blood flying, the poor bull writhing and bellowing all the time. Finally it lay down, utterly exhausted. George, realizing his folly threw down the whip and unloaded the wagon. After pulling the empty wagon out, then the "trail," he coupled them up, loaded up, and pulled out.

I cannot close without recording my first impressions of the yoking up in the spring.

It occurred in a clear space between the barracks and the river, where the wagons were still standing in a circle as left the fall before.

The bulls were driven into the circle and then the fun commenced, though very mild, as they always started with the wheel and point pairs. They, with the lead pair, were always old, experienced bulls. After that it was anybody's guess.

Two or three men would start out with the loose bow in their hands. They usually had little trouble with the first bull, but, when they tried for the second, that was a horse of another color. With his head through the empty bow he would try to steer the bull around after its mate, or would get a friend to hold the first against the wagon while he got the mate alongside and, finally, trapped him. All this was not done without many comical, and sometimes rather serious, accidents.

Eventually they would get three pairs safely yoked and in their places. Then, after they had the old, tried leaders in their place, the whole lot would start. the driver would hop up on the tongueand, with a couple of riders on each side, away they would go, helter, skelter.

They always managed to pass the barracks and open ground around it, but, when they reached the brush, that was another story. As likely as not, they would plunge through, in and out of the slough, and go careering off across the prairie.

After circling around for a while, the riders usually would get them tired enough, so, that the driver could get them safely back to the starting place.

A curious fact developed later with one of the bulls they had to rope. One would naturally think an animal would be more likely to break its neck if snubbed too high. They were using the hind wheel of one of the big Murphy lead wagons as a snubbing post, and, in its struggles, the bull turned the wheel till the spoke was below the center. The bull made a rush with its head down and broke its neck. Trainor said this was the reason.

Often in his struggle with the yoked bull with his head through the empty bow, the unfortunate whacker was barely able to save his bacon.

Speaking of bacon- Did you ever hear of how John Black once sold Mrs Genge a piece of bacon and never collected a cent for it ?

We were unloading some freight at the steps leading down to the cellar and, finding a shortage, took the bill of lading to Mr Davis to call his attention to it. We were standing midway between the top of the stairs and the front counter. While we were talking of the shortage Mrs Genge came in. She walked up to the counter and asked John for some bacon. John, shifting his cigar to the other side of his mouth (his cud of tobacco, Vice Versa) started for the cellar. Mrs Genge called him back. What kind of bacon have you, Mr Black ? "Well, ma'am, We have Ham, breakfast bacon, spiced roll and Sow bub-bub, sow bosom !." Davis and I exploded. John, very red, bolted for the cellar, came up with a piece of breakfast bacon, weighed it and, without wrapping it up, threw it on the counter and bolted for the brush. Mrs Genge, looking rather startled for an instant, gingerly picked up the bacon and tripped daintily out.

The bulls-Excuse me!-oxen. I wonder if they, like us poor mortals, ever look forward to an easy restful life in the future state. They certainly deserve it.

× × ×

Omit The Beans

The Grub- Yum- Yum. First Coffee. The real test of coffee is when it will float a four bit piece. Then bacon, commonly termed Sow Belly.

Beans always accompany the bacon. The first thing the cook does when the teams pull in at night and he has the fire going is to place a huge tin kettle of beans on to boil, ~~by~~ the weary bull whackers gather round the table- No, excuse me, each on his hunkers on the ground,- the bean pot is placed in the center and each one ladles out a huge platefulof beans, each kernel in its original shape, soft, DELICIOUSX, "ECTASY".

But that is not the supreme peak of ectasy. The last duty the cook performs is to dig out his Dutch Oven, a big flat iron pot about two feet in diameter and eight inches deep, with a heavy lid having a high rim to keep the ashes and coals from falling off.

These he places before the fire to haat and, lastly, digs a hole x about two feet deep, shovels in four inches of coals and ashes, carefully lowers the oven full of boiled beans, then the lid, covers the whole with more ashes and coals and leaves the beans to simmer all night,

Breakfast- If you never tasted dutch oven beans, you have never lived. Shades of Delmonico and all your Grandmothers.

Of course the whole seance is interlarded with huge chunks of sour dough bread. If I had not exhausted all my suprelatives, I might have told you something of this.

Then more beans. No, dessert, consisting of dried apple sauce. Oh to be young again. Beans. Yum-yum.

Insert the last Page 4

MJ

CHIEF TOM NICHOLLS .

"The darned scut. I'm madder 'en a wet hen." Last evening I accidently heard he was leaving shortly to reside at Penticton. Naturally, I proceeded to his house to learn more of his plans. On arriving there I opened the door of the porch, as the knocker had long since worn out, presumably by his host of friends and, perhaps, by the host of importunate duns trying to locate him.

Much to my surprise the inner door was open and a force of paper hangers was slinging plaster and mud around , much in the style of their prototype, Hitler. On enquiring of them they courteously told me they were not sure, but thought he had departed for Nelson. The whole place had been swept clear of all the familiar furniture, knicknacks and pictures. Of course, I then tried the police office, but with no better success, so sauntered home, my anger rising at every step.

On arriving it occurred to phone Warden Holt, his"alter ego", who said Tom had taken an option on a small cottage on the lakeshore at Nelson. On relaying this information to the police office where "Pete", who had not been there on my former visit, told me he had left by car for Crahbrook on Saturday. He must have been asleep or in an awful hurry when he passed there, so now the old scut is quietly enjoying the Nelson sunshine, childishly dabbling his professional "flatfeet" in the water, and chuckling in misdirected merriment at having having slipped one over on his long suffering friends at Lethbridge.

I first got to know Tom Nicholls on his arrival here as Sergt Major with the Mounted Police, which position he later resigned to come to the City of Lethbridge as Chief of Police. Shortly after this I was appointed to the Police Commission, so got to know him still better.

He was a good officer, thoroughly honest, and always fearless in the execution of his duties. He sufferred a severe loss a couple of years ago in the death of his wife , who had shared many of the hardships with him during their travels in the north, but like the true man he is, he kept his troubles to himself.

The only threat to the police during his term of office was a judicial investigation held before Judge Jackson on the sworn information of certain individuals. "Between you and me and the gatepost", I think the shoe was on the wrong foot and the "individuals", or at least some of them, should have been in the box. The force and commission were fully exonerated. By the way, one of the individuals was, before this under strong suspicionand and was , later fined for selling beer.

Tom tells many interesting anecdotes of happenings to him during his service with the Mounties. Now that he is out of reach of possible immediate reprisals I can recount some of them.

While serving as sergeant at Regina the Commissioner, A. Bowen Perry, was on an extended trip in the north and was long overdue. Mrs Perry, becoming anxious, sent for Tom and asked him to go in search of her husband, which he refused. As he says- It would have been a nice thing for a little sergeant to go all around the d--d country whooping it up for the Commissioner. However, after returning to his quarters, he got to thinking the matter over. He managed to get in touch, by phone, with the officials at the port from which the boat was expected to sail, and learned from them that the boat had left the day before with the Commissioner on board, so, the next morning, was able to allay Mrs Perry's fears.

When serving under Supt "Bobbie" Belcher he came to Calgary in charge of the horses on the occasion of the visit of the Duke of York, later King of England. Supt Belcher, who was a tall man, there purchased a big, upstanding, half broken horse. Nicholls was instructed to see it delivered safely to Fort Saskatchewan. At Edmonton the horses were put in an empty livery barn and, after dark, went to the barn and led his own and the outlaw out and, after seeing the rest off, saddled up and started, leading the spare horse. Much to his surprise he found, on arriving at Fort Saskatchewan, ~~he found~~ he had saddled the wrong horse in mistake for his own, which much the same size and color, and ridden him to the fort, without the least trouble.

He was not aware that Supt Belcher knew of this till, some time later, he called in and asked if the horse was getting regular exercise. He replied he did not know as the horse was only half broken and hard to ride. Belcher's reply was instantaneous. You ought to know, you rode him here from Edmonton yourself.

He also served there under Supt Grisbach, who came from the Scots Greys bringing his whole equipment with him, saddle, bridle etc. The bridle was the usual British type with double bits, snaffle, and curb with the brass regimental coat of arms on each side. Grisbach was not a tall man and had bought a beautiful little bay horse, quite gentle.

One day on parade he was riding this horse, which had a habit of throwing its head up and down. To check this he turned his wrist and Tom thinks he must have pinched the horse's tongue between the two bits. Anyway, the bay threw up his head smashing the Superintendent's nose and giving him two beautiful black eyes. Tom and Kennedy, Grisbach's groom, were called on the carpet and given an unmerciful tongue thrashing, although neither of them could understand why. As a punishment they were not allowed to go on leave together afterwards.

The Superintendent's sentiments must have warmed towards him, as, the following winter Tom was selected to drive him to Edmonton. It was a very cold day and, after picking up his passenger, they started. Someone had a bottle of Scotch and Tom says it was not his. He did not remember anything after going down the hill and across the ice until, approaching Edmonton, the Superintendent, jolting him with his elbow, told him it was time to wake up.

On their arrival at Edmonton and, after finishing their busines, they stopped at the Alberta hotel and Grisbach got out of the sleigh. A civilian passed and was hailed, but continued. The Superintendent called more loudly when the man came back and was asked to hodd the team while they went into the hotel.

Tom was taken in and treated to two big snorts of scotch, while his partner absorbed the same. He says he did not go to sleep on the return trip.

He also related another comical incident, which might have had a more serious ending.

The police were short of horses and had bought a half broken brutewhich, for a time, no one could ride. Finally a man was found who could, but the horse would allow no one else to mount him.

A certain dignatory- Tom thinks he was Lord Minto, but is not sure- with a high ranking officer from Calgary arrived at Strathcona and the police were paraded with the outlaw among the rest. Lord Minto expressed a desired to ride around , so the Calgary officer selected two horses, one of which was the outlaw. Unfortunately for him the outlaw piled him ~~" the outlaw piled him~~ "both high, wide and handsome", as the saying goes. What would have happened had this horse been alloted to Lord Minto is anyone's guess.

I wonder if Tom thought he was riding this horse when passing Cranbrook, and cleared the whole city in one Jump.

Dave Cochrane

Anyone reading of or hearing the name Cochrane would naturally conclude Dave was of Scotch descent, but I am sure he must have been Irish, always ready for a fight or a - roll. [illegible] The few fights I have seen him engage in he was always laughing over. Seldom did [illegible] time. I [illegible] that he managed to come out these encounters.

When married at Maitland on 1880 he had left the Police and acquired an 80 acre reserve. When the Indians were moved to the reserve and the new settlers moved in, paying him $350 for his claim, at Bowen he had no legal claim to it. With this cash he later moved to the Forty Mile to Plague Dr MacEachern, manager of the Walrond Ranch, which had become established there, and later became one of the largest and best managed in the west. I presume Cochs reputation had preceded him as the Doctor accused him of stealing the Walrond calves and tried to induce him, by any means, other than cash remuneration, to confess. I am not prepared to make affidavit as to his guilt or innocence, but doubt his guilt, as it is so different to his usual procedure of stealing from one to give to another, as detailed in some of the anecdotes mentioned later on.

In any event he proceeded to make life miserable for the poor Doctor by howling from whenever possible, all in a pleasant and neighborly manner.

Matters reached a climax one day when

they met and, as usual, the Doctor commenced his abuse. Cock did not make any reply but went on quietly loading his pipe and, when this was completed, pulled out a match, lit the pipe and dropped the burning match. The grass was very dry and in a few moments the fire, which took the strenuous efforts of the two to extinguish. I do not suppose this improved the harmonious relations existing between the two, at least on the Doctor's part.

As a witness of Cochrane's readiness to ~~do~~ help anyone who was in need, I mention his act in the year 1881.

Keeping the store at Macleod in supplies was quite a problem. Stock taking started January 2nd and was completed by the end of the month, and estimates for the year sent in to headquarters at Benton and orders for supplies forwarded from there. The first of these supplies would commence to roll in to Macleod sometime in July after the rivers had subsided enough to permit the bull teams to cross. I can remember on my first trip into the country seeing a bull train waiting at the upper Whoop up crossing for the river to go down. The wagon boss came down to the river and watched the four horse team make the crossing, but decided the river was too high to tackle. I think this was on June 19th.

As a result some of the staple lines would be sold out before spring, particularly after a long winter.

One year 1881 I think, the supply of sugar

ran out and a four horse team was sent to the Hamilton & Hazlett store for a supply. On the way ~~Two~~ two of the horses gave out on the Block reserve not far from Standoff. The driver, Henry Devon cracked over to Cochrane who was plowing on a field near the house, and told him his trouble. Without any hesitation he unhooked two of his horses and turned them over to Devon and when Devon thanked him and proposed to send them back promptly, said-Oh, don't bother, they'll come home themselves.

Some Indian names desired the name Nomoose meaning thief, more than did the original, Naroo, Santos, but the frequently showed the same kindness as on the Devon case by returning from one to give to another.

The entrance of this war-path into a standing joke on Cochrane immediately brought on a round of fun, for as soon as the corral at the rear of the restaurant was gone in for supper, afterwards, strangers proceed to the Indians could find their double-trees and collar and hames. Others, not satisfied with taking their own, took him into the barn corral where most of the vaccinations were made and wagons, in the habit of keeping their teams and wagons, took the doubletrees off a wagon and gave them to a Stoney to the Indians so that he could get home that night.

On going to the corral in the morning to hook up, much to his surprise, he found

someone had moved his wagon before the raid and he had generously ~~took~~ stolen his own doubletree & given to his friend.

Another instance shewing his cleverness, though not the same generosity, happened about the same time.

Taylor had brought in a billiard table a short time before this and after unpacking it had carefully piled the cases in which the table came in the corrals, intending to use them in building some much needed shelves in the kitchen, as finished lumber was practically unprocurable.

George Rowe had shortly before this arrived from Dawson Pass where he had been packing for the C.P.R. and gone into partnership with Taylor.

One evening while out looking for their milk cow he met Cochrane with the much valued cases on his wagon on his way home, who told him Taylor had given them to him. Hurrying home he commenced to upbraid Taylor for doing this, as he had expected to use them for the shelves. Taylor was as indignant as was George and the two vied with Cochrane in calling Cochrane all kinds of a no-good thief, so George climbed his horse again and hurried out along the trail where he at last caught up with the cowboy Cochrane riding along respectfully considering in the belief that his above of the gift had been accepted.

After a vociferous argument he made Cochrane turn around and bring the cases

back to where he had got them and then saw him across the slough and well on his way home.

In due time he and Taylor retired to their well earned slumbers confident in the belief that they had at last outwitted the crafty thief. Much to their disquiet on rising in the morning they found the cases gone again. Rowe started out again setting directly to the Cochrane place, but a strict search of the buildings ~~showed~~ and surrounding country showed no sign of the missing cases nor the crafty Cock. He must have cached them somewhere intending to pack them up when the atmosphere had cleared, or given to some good friend who he thought needed them more than himself. Anyways Rowe never got his shelves.

The last time I heard directly of Cochrane was while I was with the Hudson Bay Co at Nelson, B.C. I used to make quarterly trips over the Territory. One of these took me up through the Lardeau to Trout Lake, from there on to Thompsons Landing and home by the Arrow Lakes. I stayed one night at Trout Lake and in the evening was chatting with the hotel keeper Madden, who had returned from the Yukon shortly before this. After talking on various subjects he said he had met a man from my country (Alberta) but could not remember his name. He said he was coming out over the Dyea pass in the middle of winter and had the bad luck to smash up his sleigh pretty badly. As it was getting dark

and very cold he was worrying about what he could do. Fortunately the mail carrier on his regular trip came along and suggested he come ~~back~~ with him a short way back on the trail where his regular camp was located where they could spend the night and, in the morning, see what could be with the damaged sleigh. Much relieved, Madden did this and after enjoying a good hot supper spent a comfortable night in the well built shelter. In the morning after another good meal the mail carrier took him to a near by cache where, as Madden said, he appeared to have a little of everything in the world.

He proceeded to fit him out with a better sleigh than his own had originally been and offered him anything else he saw and would not accept a cent in payment for sleigh or entertainment.

I wish I could think of his name, said Madden, after considering for a moment he said - it was something like Coburn, but I know that's not it. The incident of the sleigh brought Cochrane to my mind and, never thinking for an instant he could be the person, as I had not heard of him for years, I jokingly remarked, it was not Cochrane, was it. At once he came back - That's the man, Dave Cochrane.

Just the same old Dave Cochrane. Wherever he may be if he be still alive, which I doubt, as he was much older than was I, I'll bet that, while his bank balance may not be very big, he still has a substantial cache somewhere near by where you or I or any other friend may, like Madden, have our choice of whatever we may

select without any payment at all, and always given with the same old cheerful smile,

N. J. M.

My dear Mr Gard,

I am glad to learn from your recent letter of 21st that you are still interested in the yarns.

Am enclosing the Dave Cochrane series and hope it will meet with the same approval.

I am afraid I will have your wolf's tongue hanging out a yard before I get through, as I have at least a dozen more subjects, and each one I finish suggests so many more.

I think Bolton Chief's gun is the best of the lot, particularly with the Iyaskin mailed shirt finish. This is beautifully written, I suppose by Blasdell Cameron, and I have no doubt in my mind now that the gun did not arrive by the same route as suggested by him that the mailed shirt did. I have read a good part of his writings with interest, particularly of the 1885 rebellion when I was there at Macleod. The only time I can recollect meeting him was many years ago at Waterton Lakes, when he was gathering material for some of his stories, but presume he would not remember me.

The only theory I have ever heard put forward as to how the gun arrived here was that it had been brought to the West coast many years ago and gradually worked its way here probably by interchange between the different tribes of indians. However, when one studies this theory it appears not only improbable, but impossible. My knowledge of ancient history is not supposedly accurate to speak positively on the subject, but it would appear to me that to be of any

as a weapon, this cannot have been well over two hundred years before we first saw it here, and I am sure there were no whites on the North Pacific then. While we know the Spaniards reached the Pacific there is no record of their extending their operations towards the north by water, although the church penetrated into Southern California a long time ago, that is a long way from the North Pacific coast. Even as a Museum exhibit, which it would have been one hundred or even one hundred and fifty years ago, some one would surely have picked it up. We all owe a debt of gratitude to Mr Tanner for his Injustice Story and if you are writing or seeing him again I wish you would pass my personal thanks to him, as I am afraid I shall not have the opportunity of seeing him again.

Now as to the few corrections.

Napeo page	1	Modestly	should be	CURRENTLY
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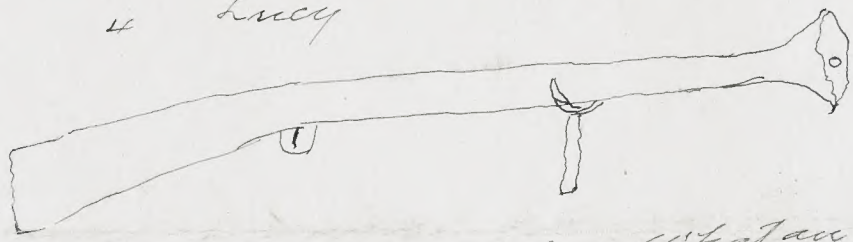

Button
Chief's gun

Now careless we have all been. What we exhibit the gun and shirt would now be, especially under the circumstances they were discovered and in the places where found. I presume the shirt like the gun is only a memory to some one who has heard the tale.

My grateful thanks to you for the copies. I shall preserve them and hand them down to my heirs and assigns. Probably one of them fifty years hence may run across some of them and express his forcible opinion of the damphool who spent his whole time scribbling out a pack of lies when he might have been more profitably employed.

You agreably surprised the copies show so few necessary alterations. I am often put to a good deal of trouble trying to read my own scraggly writing. Yours

W. F. Macleod